To the WORSHIPFUL

Robert Lucas, Esq; Mayor,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the TOWN of *NORTHAMPTON*;

This Yearly BILL *of* MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILLIPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton* from the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1756, to the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1757; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 6) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 1. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 4. The Meeting on the *Green* 1.

Diseases												
AGED	24	Childbed	2	Dropsy	5	Palsy	1	Teeth	2			
Apoplexy	3	Consumption	18	Fever	13	Mortification	1	Kill'd by a Fall	1			
Chincough	2	Convulsion	10	Jaundice	1	Small-Pox	54					

Whereof have died,							
Under Two Years old	24	Ten and Twenty	6	Forty and Fifty	5	Seventy and Eighty	8
Between Two and Five	18	Twenty and Thirty	18	Fifty and Sixty	4	Eighty and Ninety	7
Five and Ten	21	Thirty and Forty	12	Sixty and Seventy	11	Ninety and a Hundred	1

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS.	35	34	69	64	71	135
St. SEPULCHRE's.	21	10	31	21	26	47
St. GILES's.	20	11	31	22	21	43
St. PETER's.	1	0	1	5	4	9
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Parish				6	4	10
In the whole Town.	76	65	147	118	126	244
	Decreased - - -		24	Increased -		19

☞ *There have been buried of the Small-Pox this Year in the Town of* Northampton. *In the Parish of* All-Saints 54. *In* St. Sepulchre's 13. *In* St. Giles's 15. *In* St. Peter's *and the Meeting there* 6. *In all* 88.

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and *after* Death
Our State no Alteration knows;
But when we have resigned our Breath
Th' *immortal Spirit* goes
To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes;
WISE is the Man who labours to secure
That *mighty* and *important* State;
And, by ALL Methods, strives to make
His Passage *safe*, and his Reception *sure*.
MEERLY TO DIE no Man *of Reason* fears,
For certainly we *must*,
As we are born, return to Dust:
'Tis the last Point of many ling'ring Years.
But *whither* THEN we go,
Whither we fain would know,
But Human Understanding cannot show.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange Apprehensions in the Mind;
Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates
Concerning what, we living, cannot find.
None know what Death *is*, but the Dead,
Therefore *we All*, by Nature, Dying dread,
As a strange, doubtful Way we know not how to tread

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And scarce have *one* black painful Hour to live,
No Hopes, no Prospect of a kind Reprieve,
To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb;
How moving, and how mournful is the Sight,
How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous sad!
Where THEN is Refuge, where is COMFORT to be had,
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To *cheer* our drooping Souls for their *amazing* Flight?
Feeble and languishing in Bed WE lie,
Despairing to recover, void of Rest,
Wishing for Death, and *yet afraid* to die:
Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppress.

III.

THEN we are sensible too late
'Tis *no Advantage* to be RICH or GREAT:
For all the fulsome Pride, and Pageantry of State,
No Consolation brings:
Riches and Honours THEN are *useless* Things,
Tasteless, or bitter all;
And like the Book * which the APOSTLE eat,
To the ill-judging Palate sweet,
But turn at last to Nauseousness and Gall.
Nothing will THEN our drooping Spirits cheer,
But the Remembrance of good Actions past.
VIRTUE's a Joy that will *for ever* last,
And makes pale Death *less terrible* appear;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.
In the dark Anti-Chamber of the Grave
What would we give, EV'N ALL WE HAVE,
ALL that our Cares and Industry had gain'd,
ALL that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd;
Could we recall those fatal Hours again,
Which we consum'd in *senseless* Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, or *luxurious* Ease!
For THEN they urge our Terrors, and *increase* our Pain.
WE cannot therefore take *too great* a Care
In this IMPORTANT, GRAND Affair:
For as we die, we *must* remain,
Hereafter all our *Hopes* are vain,
To MAKE OUR PEACE WITH HEAV'N; or to return again.

* *See* Rev. x. 10.

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